

CAMBRIDGE CREW WINS EASILY

HARVARD TWO LENGTHS BEHIND AT THE FINISH.

Great Rowing Spectacle on the Thames Viewed by Perhaps a Million Persons—Cantabs Lead From the Start and Cover Course in 19 Minutes 18 Seconds.

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LONDON, Sept. 8.—Never has there been keener interest in a race rowed on the Thames than that rowed to-day. Never have such vast multitudes thronged the banks and crowded the bridges of the famous Putney-Mortlake course as those which witnessed the race to-day won by Cambridge by two lengths. The conditions, too, were perfect, and both crews and their partisans were saturated with confidence. All this being so, the one thing justifiably have been expected to crown the day was a great race. But it must be said at once, and said regretfully, that this was the one thing missing.

It is well to be frank and at the outset it must be said that Cambridge won with ease. Even the keenest partisans would have been rejoiced to have seen a good hard struggle to get home, for the Harvard men have established themselves in the affections of the riverside as men and sportsmen.

In spite of this absence of a close, hard race it was a memorable day in the annals of Thames racing. From the time the crews launched their shells in the morning for a short spin to see that everything was in order till the race began London poured her multitudes onto the river banks. How many people saw the race it would be vain to estimate—three-quarters of a million, it is said by some, a million by others, but more than ever before it is said by everyone.

The story of the race itself will not take long in telling. The Cambridge men began to turn in at their boathouse from 3:30 on. The Harvard crew came down at 4 o'clock in a light breeze with the water lively but smooth.

There was little advantage in winning the race, but fortune perched on the Cambridge boys at the start, Stuart winning the toss. The Harvard crew took the water first and the men were keenly examined by those in the privileged launches which followed the race and were already in the boat.

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Cambridge followed and got a similar reception. They, too, were a fine looking lot at a superficial glance as the Harvard crew, but another look showed muscle, build and litheness of the best.

At 4:28 R. C. Lehmann, the referee, fired the pistol, and a mighty roar of "They're off!" went up from both banks. In the first fifteen seconds Cambridge stroked twenty and Harvard nineteen and in the minute Cambridge rowed thirty strokes and Harvard thirty-nine.

Cambridge came away at once and in the first minute the story of the race was told; in brief, that Cambridge was the fastest crew. When they passed the boathouse Cambridge was already three-quarters of a length ahead and was steadily increasing her lead.

At the mile Cambridge was from three to four lengths ahead and the men were going well within themselves. The Harvard crew was then steadily plugging along at about 33 strokes to the minute, but was not showing any signs of getting on even terms.

By this time those following on the launches had acknowledged or rejoiced that it was all over. Stuart, the Cambridge stroke, was struck with the same confident idea, for his face broke into a smile and apparently he threw a remark over his shoulder to the seven other men.

Cambridge for a considerable time rowed at 32 to 33 strokes a minute and then slowed down to 30 strokes a minute. This was the Cambridge stroke, who was struck with the same confident idea, for his face broke into a smile and apparently he threw a remark over his shoulder to the seven other men.

It was now plain that ever that the pace was too hot for Harvard. Their stroke got very short in the water, and the boat lost life, but the men stuck gamely to the hopeless task.

Passing Chiswick Church, entering the long stretch of Conyngs Reach up to Barnes's bridge, the Cambridge crew were in a very rough piece of water. Here, if the race had been closer, was the time for Harvard to make a big effort. Here her station favored her, and if she could have got ahead by Barnes's Bridge her position would have been a happy one, for seldom has the old saying "The first under Barnes's Bridge wins the race" been falsified.

Capt. Filley of Harvard spurred, but somewhat late, hitting the stroke up to 36. But the boat did not seem to move any faster, although the gap between her and the Cambridge crew was decreasing. This was the Cambridge stroke, who was struck with the same confident idea, for his face broke into a smile and apparently he threw a remark over his shoulder to the seven other men.

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Meanwhile the Harvard men, looking somewhat sad, landed and quietly entered the London Rowing Club's boathouse almost unnoticed. Here they remained for a few moments and then quietly returned to the Putney House, where they are lodging.

Harvard supporters of both sexes with the Harvard crimson showing in their hats, their faces, and their clothes, were everywhere. They took the defeat of their crew cheerfully, though their disappointment was great. They were inclined to criticize with some severity Capt. Filley's tactics. They asserted that he rowed the race to suit himself. The slow start of the Harvard men compared unfavorably with their practice starts in their last few days, but on the day's race the better racing crew won.

From the first half dozen strokes Cambridge rowed a winning race. They have "come on" every day for the last week and were evidently at the very top of their form and condition this afternoon. Their victory will be taken by every English rowing man as a vindication of their claim that the traditional English style must win in a four mile race, other things being equal.

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The makeup of the crews:

Harvard: A. B. Brooks, 187; M. Benham, 171; H. M. Goldsmith, 175; J. R. Richardson, 175; R. C. Lehmann, 175; D. C. Stuart, 175; A. G. L. Hunt, 175.

Cambridge: R. H. Tappan, 187; G. Morgan, 171; P. W. Pyle, 175; R. B. Bacon, 175; D. F. Filley, 175; O. M. Blagden, 175.

The Harvard and Cambridge crews attended a dinner at the Princess restaurant this evening. The dinner was considered a private affair and was similar to the one held after the annual Cambridge-Oxford races. It was attended by about 150 Harvard men and followers of the crew, who came to London especially to see the race.

Speeches were made by Whiteley Reid, the American Ambassador; R. C. Lehmann, the referee of today's race; Capt. Filley of Harvard and Capt. Goldsmith of Cambridge.

Mr. Reid made a characteristic speech, in the course of which he foreshadowed a return race in America. After remarking that King Edward was a loyal son of Cambridge and President Roosevelt an enthusiastic son of Harvard the Ambassador remarked that he was authorized to say in behalf of Harvard that they would assure Cambridge as good a welcome when they went over to America as Harvard had received in England.

This was greeted with loud cheers. Mr. Reid went on to say that it had been determined after great and exhaustive calculations that although it was 3,000 miles from New York to London it was no more from London to New York. [Laughter.] President Roosevelt, Mr. Reid said, had followed the race with the greatest interest, and if not exactly content with the result he was proud of the way Harvard had borne defeat.

The result of the race, Mr. Reid said, reminded him of the profound philosophy which Shakespeare expressed through the mouth of Othello. "If two men be in love, one must be behind." [Loud laughter.] Chairman Willard, an Oxonian, who rowed in the historic Oxford-Harvard race of 1827, said in his judgment the race was as tight as Harvard got a bad start, but tried to make up the leeway in plucky fashion, and Cambridge was hunted to the very end.

Capt. Goldsmith said: "I am proud to have rowed in such a race as this one. I can only admire the fine qualities of the Harvard crew. I never rowed against a more sporting crew. The tremendous spurts during the race made me feel as though I was getting on even terms with the Cantabs, who finished in a powerful paddle two lengths ahead. The official time for the race was 19 minutes 18 seconds."

As soon as Cambridge ceased rowing the steady roar of cheering which greeted them as soon as they came in sight under Barnes's Bridge burst into an absolute yell from myriads of throats, drowning out even the strident efforts of the steamers' siren whistles.

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The crews embarked on a launch which took them back to Putney. They sat around in a ring on the bridge, each Harvard man being sandwiched between two Cantabs. On the return journey they were able to see something of the crowds which had watched the race, for a great proportion of them had remained on the banks to cheer winners and losers alike.

And what a marvellous crowd it was. And what speeded down the course behind the racing boats one heard on long continuous roar from the bank on either side. Never for a second from the time the starter's pistol was fired did it cease or diminish. Every bridge was packed with a cheering crowd and every house and building for the four and a quarter miles carried a living burden wherever a foothold was possible. But the dense mass of men, women and children on the banks was the most remarkable sight. It was hopeless to try to calculate how many there were.

Twenty rows deep they stood in many places, and not a foot of space from which the course could be seen was unoccupied, and thousands upon thousands there must have been who saw nothing.

After seeing and hearing something of this wonderful crowd the crews arrived again at Putney. Stroke Stuart of the Cambridge crew was the first to ascend the steps of the Leander boathouse. His ovation was tremendous. So great was the crush to see the Light Blue victors that the police mounted and on foot were unable to keep the throng back, the only remedy being to let the boatsmen carry down men, women and children and policemen in a mass with it. The women and children screamed and fainted, but order was soon restored.

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